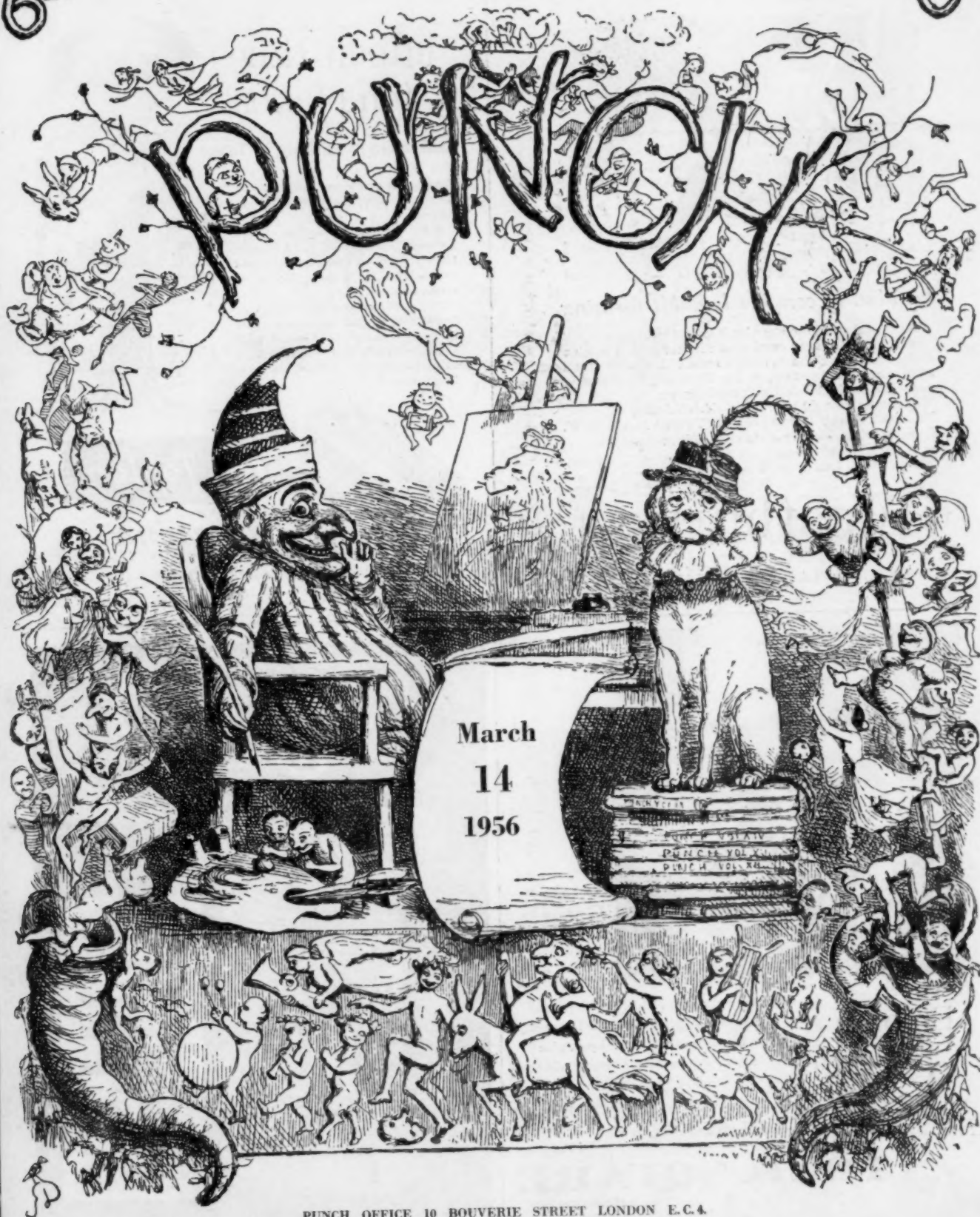


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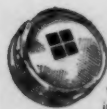
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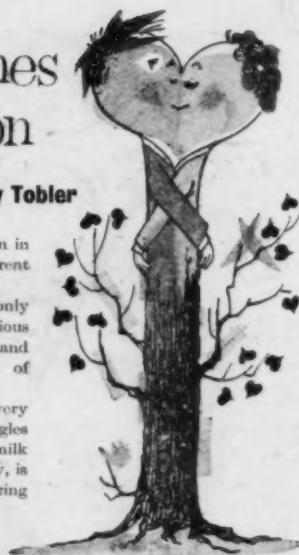
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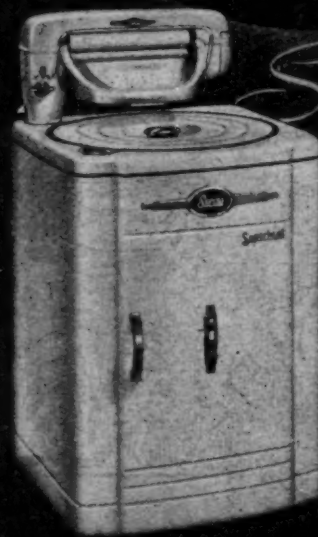
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MARCH

The Turncoats

THE BOAT RACE, which will soon impend, is a severely masculine event. This year—unless something entirely unexpected happens—not only all the oarsmen but both the coxswains will be male. The numerous descriptions of the contest will be written or broadcast by men, and among the umpires, time-keepers, raftsmen, swan-uppers and other minor characters in the great drama it is doubtful if the gentler sex will be represented at all.

Ladies resent anything which can be called a "male preserve" and generally overrun or undermine it in the end. Yet it is not altogether surprising that they have shown less initiative than usual in this context. Apart from a minority whose academic connection with one seat of learning or the other commits their loyalties in advance, many ladies can remember a period in their youth when they were Oxford one year and Cambridge the next, according to which young gentleman they happened to be in love with at the time.

It takes more than so trivial a readjustment of outlook to give a lady a bad conscience, to make her feel a renegade; and there are, of course, other factors—such as the difficulty of preventing their knees turning bright pink in cold weather—which underlie the sex's disinclination to infiltrate into the Boat Race. But it does, all the same, seem a little odd that they should have left it alone for so long...



The Midland Bank regards this "disinclination" as a further manifestation by the ladies of that good sense which prompts so many of them to open an account at the Midland. If you would like to know how helpful this can be, ask any branch for the booklet "Midland Bank Services for You".

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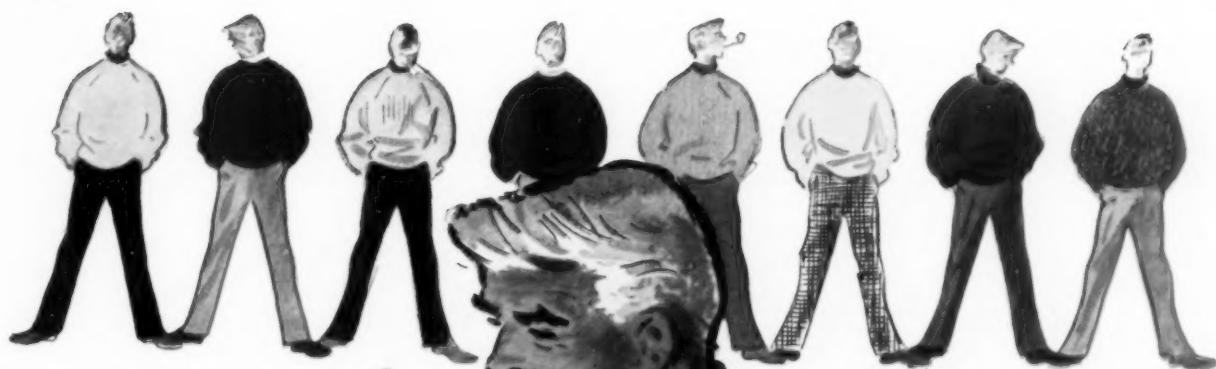


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Nine characters in search of a sweater found this, among many others, at Simpsons of Piccadilly.

It's the Heriot in pure Shetland wool, knitted with a heavy rib, crew neck and raglan sleeves . . . in nine colours too — maroon, natural, black, light blue, navy, light grey, yellow, bottle green, charcoal grey, Sizes 38"—46". Price 5 guineas.



NO TROUBLE FROM GOODYEAR TUBELESS DURING 20 STUNT-DRIVING SHOWS



Experienced motorists who saw the daring car stunts during the recent U.K. tour of the Hollywood Motor Rodeo unanimously agreed that they were the most convincing demonstrations of tyre reliability they had ever seen.

This rodeo certainly proved once again that you can rely on Goodyear Tubeless Tyres — used on the stunt cars. The co-proprietor of the show, Earl Newberry, was so impressed that he wrote to Goodyear at Wolverhampton, where the tyres were made "... I must say that at no time even doing shows under most trying conditions did we have even one tyre failure. We have never experienced as good a record as this in twenty shows before and I can say



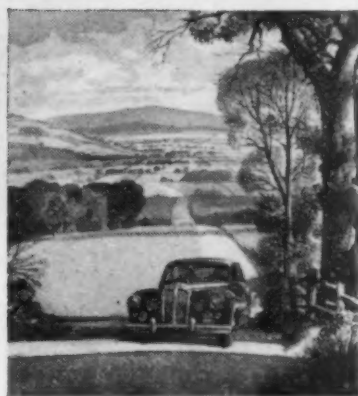
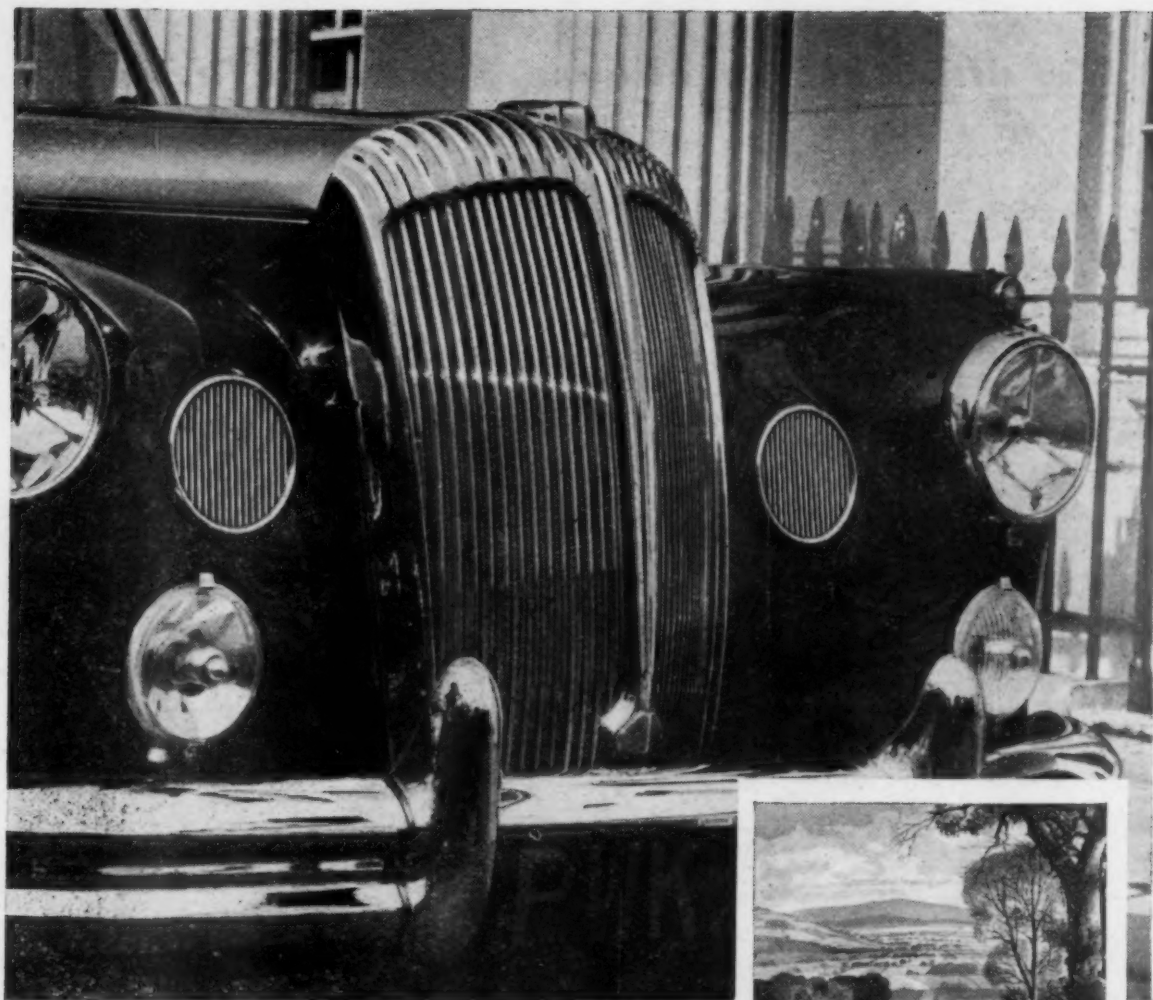
Punishing blow for Goodyear Tubeless as stunt car leaps from one ramp and crashes down on another (close-up above). The tyres, standard production from the Goodyear factory, lost no pressure and held fast every time.

nothing but praise for the new Goodyear Tubeless Tyres."

Motorists can enjoy the advantages of Goodyear Tubeless now — a new standard of safe, trouble-free motoring and the greatest ever puncture and burst protection.

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and comfort in these swift, silent cars. The new Daimlers' high speed and vivid acceleration are widely recognized, but the easy manner in which Daimler performance is achieved has to be *experienced*. We suggest you take any Daimler model out on the open—or crowded—road and discover for yourself how different it is to Drive Daimler.

We did well to choose Samson Clarks . . .



For more than 25 years Samson Clark have acted for many of their most important clients. Yet, significantly, they have been appointed by several young and progressive companies. To every client they offer the experience gained during nearly 60 years as a leading London agency with the advantage of up-to-the minute ideas of a young and enthusiastic staff. Whether your advertising calls for a modest expenditure, or a national campaign embracing press, public relations, marketing and television, you can rely on the Samson Clark organisation with the utmost confidence.

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CHARIVARIA

IT is officially estimated that that the charge for having old cars tested under the new Road Traffic Bill will be from five shillings to seven-and-six. Motorists who can't afford this will be allowed to offer the car in lieu.

No Poll Required

AT a cost of \$100,000 or so the New York Youth Board is launching a survey to answer the question, "Can potential juvenile delinquents be identified before the age of six?" Parents everywhere



think they can settle this free. Before the age of six all juveniles can be identified as delinquents, but a lot of them grow out of it.

Buffalo Shuffle-off

THE vogue for the "different" holiday is now world-wide, and American travel agents are said to be handling "a rush of safaris" to the Belgian Congo this year. This may tail off after next year's rush of escorted next-of-kin pilgrimages.

Peace at Any Price

DISCONTINUATION of television broadcasting for security reasons came in the last war and would come in another. This would be a bitter blow for both manufacturers and consumers not only of transmitting and receiving apparatus but of television trousers, shoes, dimmable lamps, unit settees, supper trolleys, plates (extra big for meals on laps), neck-rests, back-supports and specially designed "television rooms," which are reported to have the centre of the floor sunk "rather like a sand-

pit, to accommodate as many as can sit round its edge." Soon, every house and everything in it will be meaningless without its cathode-ray keystone, and if it is true that wars will only end when nations refuse to fight them Mr. J. L. Baird may turn out to be the salvation of the so-called civilized world.

Serious Gap

THE one hundred and fifty-fifth birthday of Egor Koroiev, "who served in the Russian Army against Napoleon," has been announced on Moscow radio, and listeners were surprised that no in-the-flesh microphone interview followed. Officialdom obviously feared lest the veteran should claim to remember Napoleon distinctly but deny ever having heard of Karl Marx.

Something on the Line

CAMPING holidays in specially adapted rolling stock will once more be a summer amenity offered by British Railways, and an official spokesman says that more people than ever will this year spend their holidays "in converted railway coaches." As distinct, of course, from those who will just spend them in railway coaches.

THIS WEEK'S PUNCH

We apologize once more for the reduced size of this week's Punch. In common with other periodicals printed in London, we are prevented by the printing dispute from providing our usual measure of features and articles. Meantime we are doing all we can to produce the best Punch possible in the circumstances, and ask the indulgence of our readers for its shortcomings.

Stark Reality

AMERICA'S artificial moon, now scheduled for definite launching as an earth satellite next year, will be less than

a yard in diameter and will weigh under two stones. These details come as something of a disappointment to the younger devotees of science fiction, and it is thought that they may tend to compare the new moon unfavourably with the old one—which at least has a man in it.

What's a Couple of Noughts?

A new attempt was lately made to stop the publication of wills in the papers. Such a measure seems very desirable, if only in the interests of old family retainers, kindly railway porters and others who, under present arrangements, are delighted to hear that they have been left twenty-five pounds, but suffer a reaction on reading that their benefactor's estate was proved at, say, three hundred thousand.

Pull up the Ladder

A doctor wrote to the papers recently in vigorous disapproval of the latest moves to demand higher salaries for the medical profession, saying that he wished to dissociate himself from the negotia-

NO HAWKERS
NO PARKING
NO CHEQUES

tions—"and I hope that many of my colleagues will do likewise." Many of his colleagues in general practice feel that he would have struck a stronger responding chord if he hadn't written from a Harley Street address.

Rogues' Gallery

THE journalist impresario planning a television series with gangsters as celebrities announces that this is the first time for criminals to be brought to the television screen. He must have missed some of the variety programmes.

Life from the Gods

By ALEX ATKINSON

Some rules observed by those British dramatists who recognize the Stage as the last stronghold of class distinction, and make a lot of money.

1. Men who do not have their clothes tailored carry their cigarettes about in the packet. So do charwomen, tradesmen, escaped convicts, and Labour M.P.s. Everyone else has a gold cigarette-case.

2. Baronets do not lie, cheat at cards, commit adultery, or slap women across the face, because their ancestors keep looking down at them from the walls. If they do any of these things they are mysteriously shot, and it turns out that they deserved it. Knights are different.

3. Waitresses, barmaids, and women of that type, when off duty, wear clothes that don't match, have comic holes in their stockings, and skip all aspirates. More often than not they are loose-living into the bargain. It usually transpires, on the other hand, that prostitutes have hearts of gold, and so have priests and parsons.

4. There is no brandy but Napoleon brandy, which must be drunk out of balloon glasses. In the heat of the moment it may be administered out of an ordinary glass to the aged retainer who gets the vapours after the master has been mysteriously shot.

5. If the son of a duke wishes to marry a shop-girl an intensely dramatic situation arises at once. If he has seduced her, it isn't so bad: nothing but brittle comedy will come of that.

6. Foreigners are very like us, deep down. (This is a recent rule, and a subtle refinement of the previous one, which laid down that foreigners were either murderous swine or incompetent servants.)

7. There is a section of the community called the working class.

8. Members of the working class are not aware that men should rise when their women enter the room. But if a lady of quality enters a working class home, every man, woman and child in the place will spring to attention. This is called instinct. The lady of quality will then bring out a hanky to dust the comic kitchen chair which she is bound to be offered.

9. The only people who really know about art, literature or music are brave youngsters starving in attics. They

always turn out to be geniuses. If they die before their time they were just about to become geniuses, but nobody understood them. (There is an exception to this rule: some multi-millionaires know about art, literature or music too—but they don't really like it, because they have no soul. You can't have much of a soul unless you're starving in an attic.)

10. All surgeons are eminent, and frequently titled.

11. People who earn three thousand a year and over are excellent swimmers. They are also suave, slightly sunburned, and full of epigrams about money, marriage, and the life hereafter. They are usually getting ready to go to the opera, which they regard with healthy scorn. They are witty, tall, kind to horses, and absolutely fearless. If they lack too many of these attributes they are apt to get mysteriously shot.

12. Only strikingly handsome men ever fall in love, and the women they fall in love with are breathlessly lovely. If a man with cross-eyes, big feet, an incurable stammer, false teeth, no hair, a big stomach, thick glasses or recurring pimples says he's in love, he's either a harmless buffoon or an unscrupulous villain who will presently stoop to black-

mail. Similarly, if a woman who does not look as sexy as blazes has the effrontery to get a passion for an attractive young man (a curate, for example) she's in for a lifetime of comical frustration. If a man falls for a girl with a club foot she will have to get it magically cured before the wedding; otherwise she must mysteriously shoot herself.

13. People who live in detached houses are very good at grammar. They use long words, except to the servants, and are aware of Matisse. They spend most of their time in a sort of common-room called the lounge. The men wear dinner suits in the evening, at the very least, and smoke cigars. There is a butler, a half-witted gardener who never takes his hat off because he left school when he was ten, and a maid with extremely nice legs considering her station in life. The lounge is equipped with eleven small tables, on each of which there are a box of oval cigarettes, a table lighter, a copy of *The Tatler*, and somebody's glass of sherry. Sherry is drunk continually. People from council houses who come in and say they'd prefer light ale are sure of a shocked pause, and a good laugh from the dress circle.

14. Police constables are only able to write very slowly, especially when somebody has been mysteriously shot. Also they cannot see the point of humorous remarks made by plain-clothes men from Scotland Yard. They are more at home with the flighty maid. When they get to be sergeants they are a damn sight worse.

15. People who live in semi-detached houses sometimes do not have a butler.

16. The plumber's son who goes to a public school is bound to steal something the first chance he gets, on account of environment. Once he has picked up the accent, however, and had his collar-bone dislocated on the football field, he will quickly realize that tradition means something. He will then turn out to be a jolly decent fellow underneath and the biggest swot in the place, because his dad was a sergeant in the Head's old regiment.

17. Men who lose their trousers always wear immaculate, freshly-laundered underwear.



"You a car worker on short time or an absentee from the House of Lords?"



The Kalakaua Plan

By CLAUD COCKBURN

ON any list of economic thinkers little resembling Chancellor Macmillan or even ex-Chancellor Gaitskell, the name of Kalakaua, coupled with that of his able sister, Mrs. Lydia Dominis, springs readily to the eye. Admittedly for the past sixty years or more they have had a bad press, and one sees why. To begin with, they made the mistake of not noticing how close they were to the United States, although as King and Queen of the Hawaiian Islands they should have kept that firmly in mind. Plus that, they never got solidly into their heads the

fact that if an economic programme doesn't have the bit about sacrifice, harder work, and not being out of the wood yet in it, it's no good. Kalakaua and Mrs. Dominis could have put all that in just as easily as anyone else. But the P. R. O. forgot to remind them, and a man called Gibson, who had stopped off in Honolulu on his way to found a Mormon colony in the East Indies and liked the place so well that he stayed and became Prime Minister, said all that was a lot of hot air, so they left it out, and just went ahead with the programme itself.

They pointed out that any Plan for Hawaii, if it were to be based on sound foundations, must start by getting someone to lend the Planners a million pounds—more, if possible. A lot of this could be spent on the Army, making it bigger and bigger, and thus curing unemployment. Even this measure was opposed by some, but by 1886 the Government's vision and tenacity were rewarded, and some people in London—who also were not quite alert enough to the fact that the next thing would be that the Americans would move in and take the place over in the interests of Christianity, Security, Order and Moral Tone—lent them the million.

Point Two of the Kalakaua Blueprint for Prosperity was immediate abolition of the licensing laws. "Drink what you want, when you want" was their appeal to the people, and such was the excitable nature of the majority of Hawaiians at that time—so different from that of our own dear voters—that the thing went through like a breeze.

The opium scandal was the next problem to be tackled. There was no opium available in Hawaii—not legally and above board, that is to say. People who needed it, even those engaged on work of national importance, had to buy it from bootleggers at prohibitive prices, and even then they could never be sure of the quality. The Kalakaua Plan dealt drastically with that situation—anyone who could pay a big enough sum of cash money to the Government could get a licence to sell opium. To get an idea of what the demand for the stuff was like you need only recall that one firm gave Kalakaua eighty thousand dollars for a licence, and another seventy-five thousand. (The Opposition—in default of any coherent plan of their own—fell back on carping criticism and scurrility, whispering campaigns about "bribery," and the rest of the stock-in-trade of disappointed politicians.)

Far-sighted Kalakaua realized that even the million pounds from London was not going to last for ever. If Hawaiian prosperity was to be more than a flash-in-the-pan, to be followed by distress and disillusion, some more permanent source of revenue must be found. The answer to this problem was sufficiently obvious: what the country





"And now a gentleman who, many years ago, made you a suit."

needed was an enormous national lottery, and in the election campaign of 1882 the Kalakaua Party pledged itself not to rest or falter until a lottery, adequate to the people's needs and worthy of the Hawaiian nation, had been organized and put into operation.

No political party, however sound its programme, can hope to survive without the devoted assistance of citizens working tirelessly on its behalf because they realize that it stands for the nation's, and their own, best interests. Already a majority of the legislature was made up of paid civil servants who were going to lose their jobs if the Opposition triumphed. But it was not, Kalakaua judged, enough to ensure the stability required if his programme were to be carried through in the calm atmosphere needed for its full fruits to be garnered. It would take, he pointed

out, a little time for results to be apparent.

In this situation he turned to the *kahunas*, or Medicine Men. Popular everywhere, except with missionaries and reformers and such, these were no aloof politicians or office-holders, divorced from the day-to-day life of the people, but men whose work took them right into the villages and the homes of the common men and women of Hawaii, casting a spell here, selling a potion there, revered by all.

That, at least, had been the situation in the good old days, before alien missionaries had started a drive to destroy the people's simple old beliefs and—avowedly—to make life impossible for the Medicine Men. These missionaries had even, at one point, succeeded in converting a previous king to their views, so that he gave up smoking,

urged everyone else to do the same, and prohibited Medicine Men.

As a result, in Kalakaua's time, these were living in conditions of difficulty and even privation, never sure when to expect a midnight knock at the door of the hut, followed by brutal seizure of their whole stock of pounded pig entrails and a curt order to quit fooling and remember there was a law against fraudulent practices. True, rumour had it that the number of the faithful had not really diminished under these attacks, and that the huts at cauldron-boiling time were as full as ever, but the fact remained that True Liberty was denied them, and the simplest ritual murders had to be conducted in a furtive haste which was shocking to those who remembered ritual murders as they used to be.

The Kalakaua Policy Committee saw

at once that, without Full Freedom for Medicine Men, Hawaiian democracy could never be described as complete. Also, the view was that a few thousand of these fellows going round sticking pins into images of members of the Opposition could be worth thousands upon thousands of votes, and Kalakaua himself said "Great stuff, let's go!" And then another man—he may have been the P.R.O.—said "Wait a minute. Let's think this thing out. Just how is this going to look in the San Francisco papers to-morrow morning? We put this out, and next thing you know they start yelling about how we're in favour of witchcraft, hoodoo, voodoo, and obscene orgies."



"Well, of course," Mrs. Dominis said. "So what?"

It was just then that Kalakaua rose so grandly to the occasion, showing that whatever people might say, he could see the modern world coming and brace himself to meet it.

"Suppose," he said, "we call it the Hawaiian Board of Health?"

And that, as the history books record, is just what he did. The Bill for Legalization and Licensing of Medicine Men was described as a Bill to Establish a Board of Health in the Kingdom of Hawaii, and it went through without questions asked.

It was too late, of course. Quite soon a lot of armed men who called themselves the Hawaiian Rifles, and an organization named the Sons of the Missionaries, and the American Consul and an American warship called the *Boston*, and the German Emperor

Wilhelm I—who was thinking globally—all got into the act and organized a revolt against Kalakaua and sister Lydia, to an extent which caused him to flee to San Francisco (where he soon died of *ennui*) and her to abdicate.

Still, he blazed a trail—particularly in what may be called the penultimate phase of his thinking, in which he was most clearly influenced by Western Ideology. A man who can see that if you arrange to call a witch doctor a "District Official of the Board of Health" is on the right lines. The whole pity is that he did not grasp this principle earlier. Then he would have been progressive enough to list the opium business under "workers' recreation," and make it absolutely clear, in a series of brochures, that the National Lottery was more properly to be described as the Financial Circulation Institute, or Stock—for short—Exchange.

"The Unknown—Is it Nearer?"

(Title of a recently published book)

WHAT's that something peering in the doorway?

Whose that footstep creaking on the stair?

Why this feeling of something in the offing,

The odd, oppressive consciousness of something in the air?

The whole unknown is slowly getting nearer,

Furtively unfolding, creeping up behind.

Settle for your sanity and get a grip on ignorance:

Everything you didn't know is making for your mind:

The sirens' song and the winner of the Derby,

The moon's far face that nobody has seen,

The causes of inflation and of Easter Island,

The Loch Ness monster and the Virgin Queen.

The whole unknown is slowly getting nearer;

The cat in every kind of bag is slyly getting out.

Settle for your sanity and get a grip on ignorance:

Things beyond the veil will soon be things beyond a doubt:

The princes in the Tower, the proposals in the Budget,

The weather at the Oval for the final Test,

The ten lost tribes and the Irish sweepstake,

The Autumn Fashions and the *Marie Celeste*.

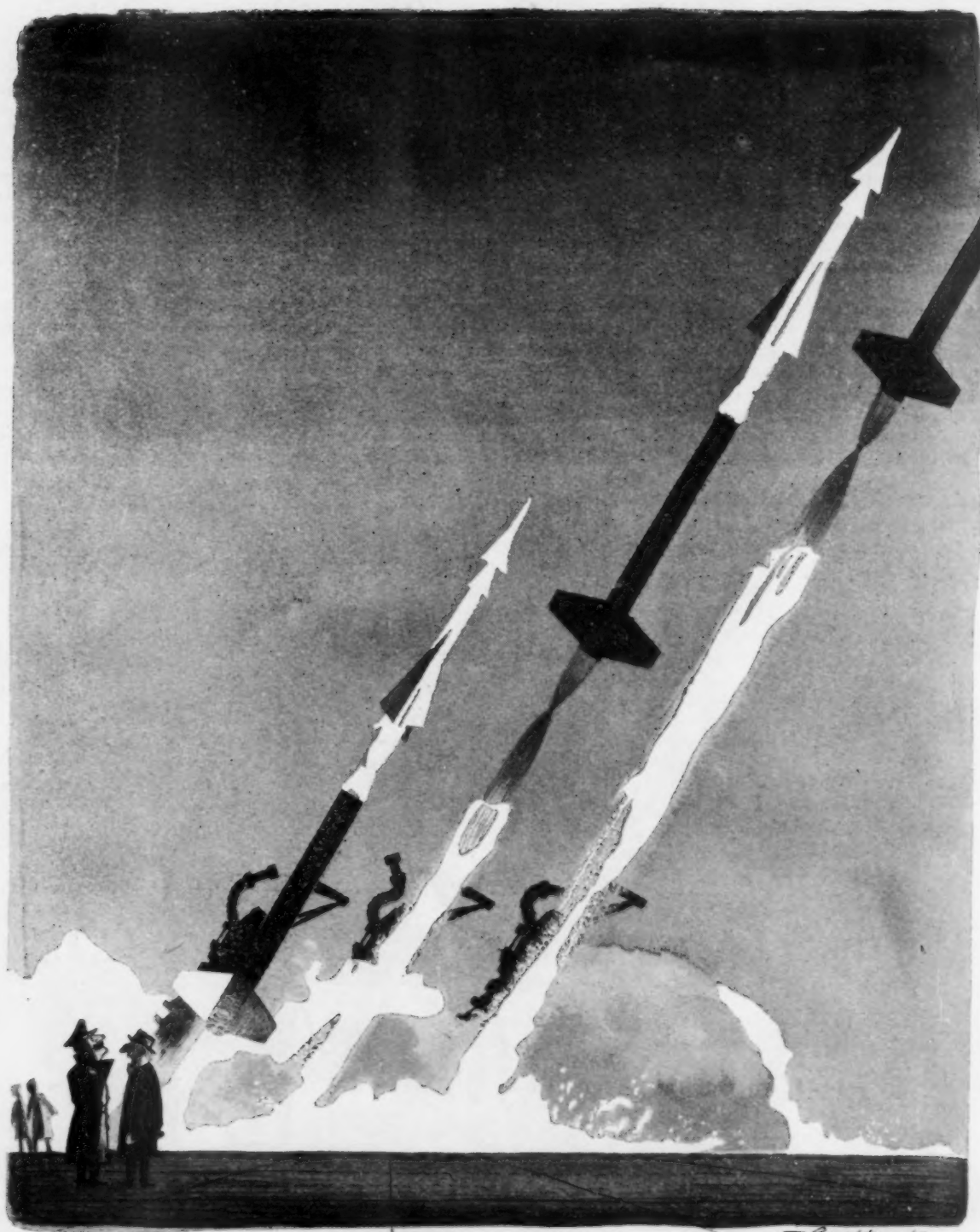
The whole unknown is slowly getting nearer,

All the empty patches in your picture of a thing.

Settle for your sanity and get a grip on ignorance:

The horrifying whole of truth is crouching for the spring.

P. M. HUBBARD



—Brockbank

"They're accurate to a thou., so there's no need to keep saying 'And the best of luck.'"

Saga of the Suburbs

Up a Gum Tree

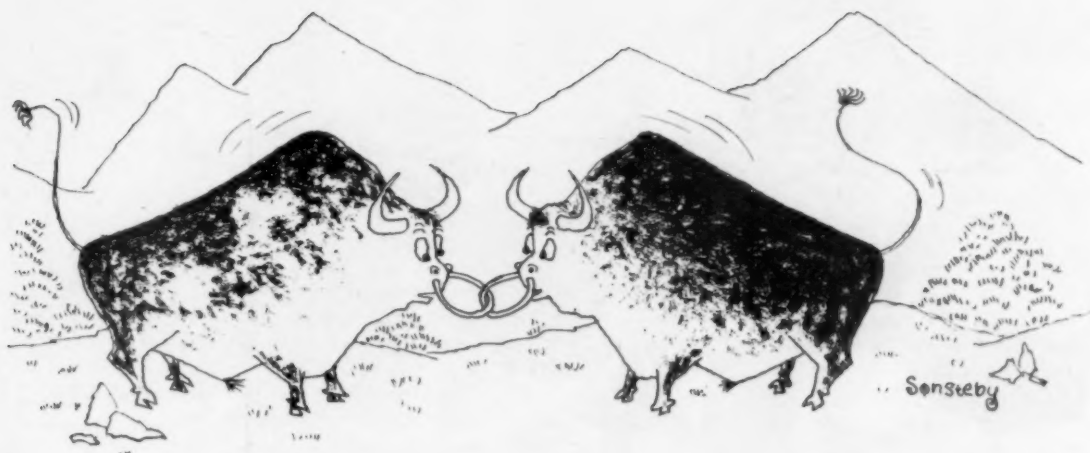
THE lure of gardening continues to loom in the background of our lives. Infected by the Talkington custom of growing things, the husband soon finds himself falling into line with the others and discarding our early passion for the exotic in favour of potatoes. Potatoes, he says enthusiastically after a conversation with seasoned Talkingtonians in the Tube, are the thing to grow. They clean up the soil, form a staple article of diet containing vitamins as well as starch, they need practically no attention and any fool can grow them. The fact that they cost about three ha'pence a pound in season and are not inordinately expensive even when new is brought up tentatively by the wife, who also says

tentatively why doesn't he try asparagus? The husband says that asparagus is tricky, takes years to establish itself, isn't grown by anyone he knows, and anyhow can't be eaten every day. The wife retires to the bit of the garden which is still left to flowers and weeds, and watches as row after row of potatoes takes humped inelegant shape. And, eventually, the husband comes in bronzed, filthy, and redolent of rude health and stable manure to deposit basket after basket of potatoes on the scullery floor. She compares the market price of potatoes with that of flowers, which she grows herself, and asks several tactless questions about why men imagine that they are practical.

It is simply a question of time, of

course, before the husband, inspired by conversations over the fence and in the local, is talking about an allotment. There is nothing like it, he says—splendid exercise, keeps the whole family in fruit and vegetables, eat the stuff fresh before the vitamins get spoiled, and there's a nice patch on the side of the hill for only ten bob a year. The wife mutters ungratefully that it's all they can do to eat the apples and potatoes out of the garden, and as for exercise, he's not so young as he used to be and he might remember that Mr. Gephippis over the road has been in a plaster jacket for three months, all through digging. Naturally this clinches the question, and there the allotment is. So to the potatoes are added more





potatoes, onions with onion fly, carrots with carrot fly, spinach which the children won't eat, cabbages with caterpillars, and runner beans of which the husband has not planted enough. However he is proud of himself as a bountiful supplier of plain English fare at not more than shop prices. And the wife comforts herself that the allotment shows no actual loss and that it gives the husband creative satisfaction to compensate for slaving away in an office all day.

All the same, the wife is inclined to sigh for the good old London days when the husband came home craving for peace and slippers and was somebody to talk to after a day alone. There seems nothing for it but to go in for creativeness herself. But there is little space left in the garden for flowers, and, try as she will, she cannot feel really creative about potatoes. It is a great joy to her when the indoor plant craze spreads from the creation-starved metropolis out to Talkington. Little pots of ivy, little trays of sand are rapidly turning people's homes into hothouses, and she embraces the cause with alacrity. The appetite grows with what it feeds on—wives in Talkington all take to bringing little plants in pots as polite gifts when they go out to dinner—children hang on to the rage with energy, and seldom go for a ride on their bicycles without bringing back trails of slug-encrusted ivy to be put in a pot and hung in an empty space. *Tradescantia* of every possible degree of shade is energetically propagated by cuttings, and the husband comments gloomily that he can't understand why

his wife wants the place cluttered up with greenery that isn't any *use*—now if it had been a nice grape vine, that would be different.

The passion rapidly becomes as competitive as stamp collecting. Practically any Talkington housewife is ready to swop an indefinite number of *Tradescantias* for one of anything really exotic like a *Sansevieria Trifasciata Laurentii*. Expeditions to London or neighbouring towns are elongated by the fact that normal window-shopping must now be followed by peeps into all available florists, in case.

Conversation at bridge- or tea-tables is further enlivened by discussions about watering, the reason for the brown spots on the variegated ivy, whether it is right to use fertiliser in pots, and what will happen when the plants, all heartily advocated as strong growers, reach a stage of development when Talkingtonians have to cut their way up the stairs with a machete. A mild schism is also initiated when a splinter movement of plant growers goes off in search of cacti—these, however, are ignored by the true indoor plant fanciers because (a) they seldom need watering, (b) it is difficult to dust them, (c) they introduce a note of greyness and aridity into homes which might otherwise flourish like green bay trees, (d) they are not good for cats and children. As for the question of care and upkeep, putting the plants into the bath for soaking and spraying is rapidly becoming a major Sunday morning activity for many households, and Talkington is full of husbands warning sarcastically that fashion is producing a new housing

problem—what is the use of providing expensive baths for people when all they do is put plants in them?

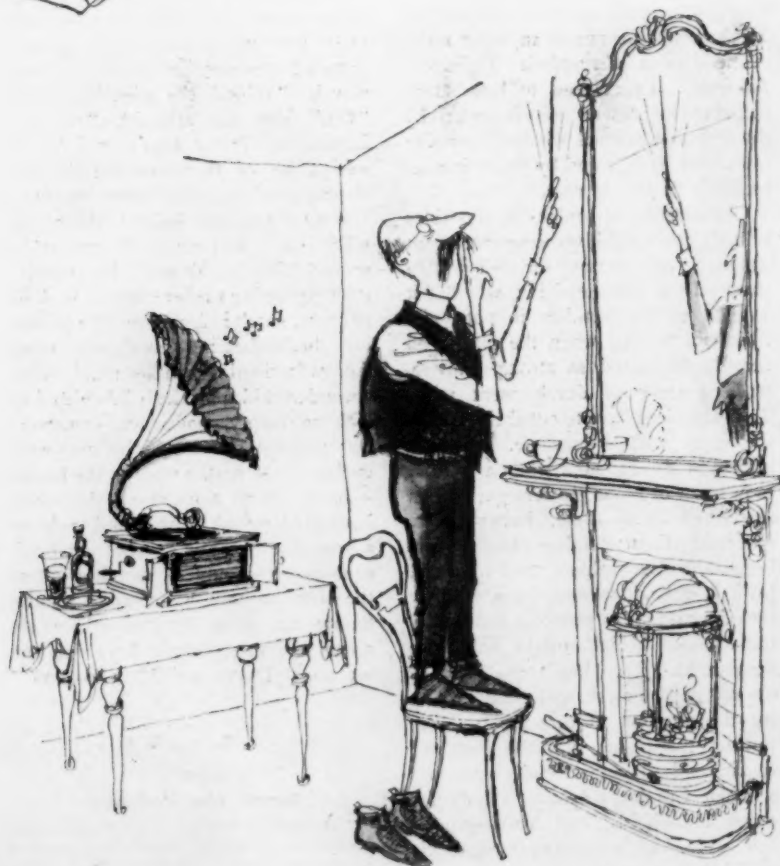
The housewife, in fact, begins to wonder if she is losing her head altogether over this question. But one day, dropping into a plant shop in a strange town, she sees a magnificent young tree in a pot—its waving silver, penny-shaped leaves somehow strike a familiar chord. "What," she asks, "is that?" "Oh," says the salesgirl, "that's a Eucalyptus. Pretty, aren't they? We've sold a lot of them—only eight-and-sixpence each, and *very* strong growers."

Strong growing, indeed, thinks the wife, with memories of geography primers flashing through her mind—strong-growing timber planted to drain swamps, surely? A picture of a billowing, health-bearing eucalyptus grove dances fascinatingly in her mind—what a wonderful idea for the hall, which does look so empty, nowadays, somehow! But perhaps one would be nursing a cuckoo in the nest, a viper in the bosom—surely in no time at all the whole household would be well and truly up a gum tree . . . She shakes her head, squares her shoulders, marches out of the shop without a backward glance. Sanity has been retained—there are plants to which even the housewife can say no. DIANA and MEIR GILLON

Bonnie Wee Harbinger

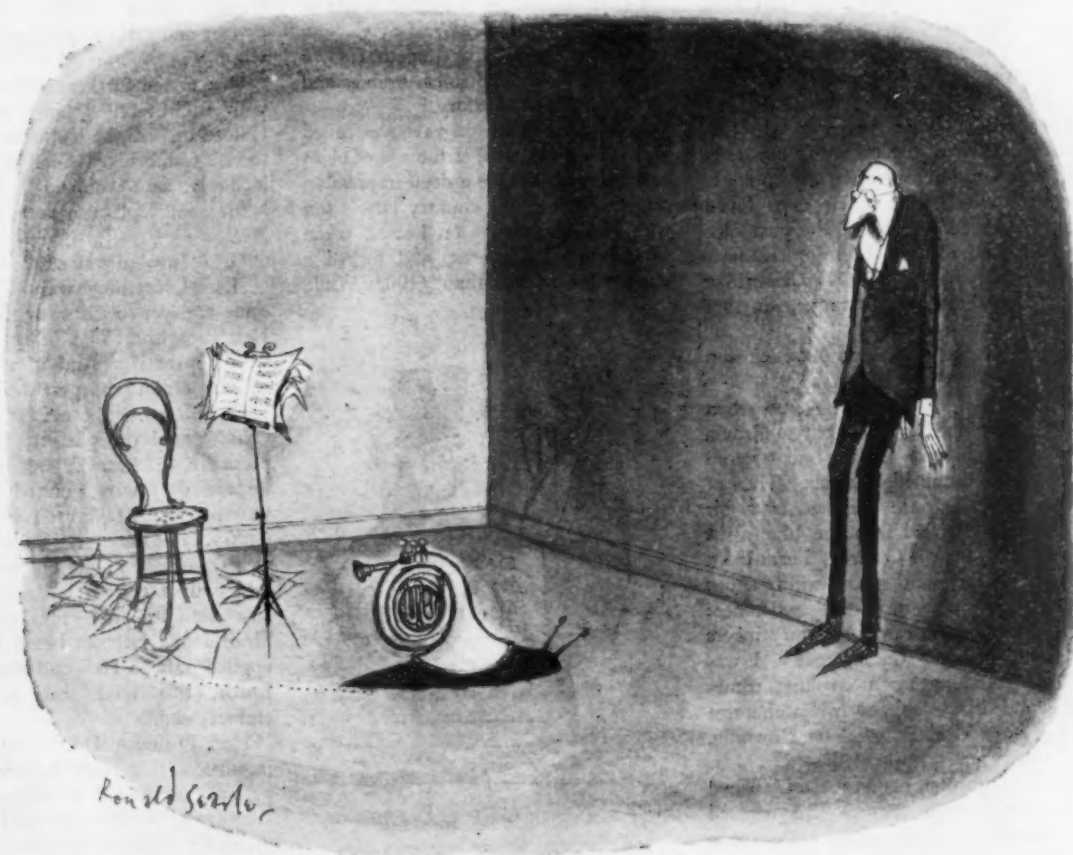
"The cuckoo was heard at Campbeltown, Argyllshire, yesterday, the first report of its presence in Scotland this year."

Western Daily Press and Bristol Mirror



THE MUSE
IN HARNESS





Cambridge Upstairs

By ROBERT GRAVES

AS a child, psychopath R. G. was conditioned to despise the Light Blues. First became aware of the concept "Cambridge" at the commencement of a long series of Oxford victories on the river. Reveals that no boy either at his dame-school or preparatory school (unless two-fisted and two-booted and having some elder relative closely connected with Cambridge) dared oppose local opinion, which was devoutly Oxonian. Recalls snatches of playground song:

*Oxford upstairs, eating cherry pie—
Cambridge downstairs, beginning to cry.*

*Oxford upstairs, drinking pints of beer—
Cambridge downstairs, feeling very queer.*

*Oxford upstairs, having lots of fun—
Cambridge downstairs, how their noses run!*

Psychopath R.G., reclining on couch, exclaims to his *alter ego*, Herr Professor Doctor R.G.: "I tell you, Herr Professor Doctor, that in those days God loved Oxford. And I loved Oxford; moreover, my brother Philip, the left-handed demon bowler, and my brother Dick, the brilliant batsman with his terrible drives to long on, not only loved Oxford but were actually up there. God loved Oxford as He once loved and favoured Israel, and the boat race was an annual rite confirming this fact. I even thought it odd that Cambridge still had the nerve to compete in that fatedly unequal struggle."

Q. "How long did this delusion persist?"

A. "My first setback came when one Downing, C., a new boy at Brown Friars, appeared in the playground wearing a Cambridge favour. This, of course, we at once snatched from his lapel and hurried into the blue-black inkwell to turn it Oxford. Tears burst from his eyes, and gazing wildly about him, he shouted in impassioned tones: 'Anyhow I don't care what you stinkers say. *The sky's Cambridge!*' I was busily thinking up a crushing comeback to this blasphemy when the rest of Oxford University set on Downing, C. and man-handled him; but Mr. Orrery, the new maths master, rushed up like a thunderstorm and rescued Downing, C., throwing my companions around like sacks."

Q. "What effect did the subsequent series of Oxford defeats have on your adolescence?"

A. "A most disheartening effect. The world was no longer the same. The sun had, as it were, set for ever. By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, while the hosts of Midian prowled and prowled around. Everyone I met seemed to be Cambridge-minded and Cambridge-hearted."

Q. "Did you doubt that God still loved Oxford?"

A. "I knew that 'whom He loveth, He chasteneth,' Herr Professor Doctor. But Oxford was no longer upstairs; Cambridge was upstairs."

Q. "Hold that! Hold it! Your hand is trembling with redoubled violence! We'll unearth that phobia in a jiffy. What do *stairs* mean to you?"

Herr Professor Doctor Robert Graves, though only a quack psychiatrist, did not need to look up the word *Stairs* in *The Grosser Lexicon of Gross Symbology*. He simply handed psychopath R.G. a nip of centenarian Spanish brandy and out came the whole story.

A. "I recall reading a novel called *Darkness of the Soul*, at the age of eight or nine, which made a deep impression on me. It told of a country vicar's son who had lost money on horses, taken to drinking in taverns, and forged a cheque for no less than £100. While

awaiting arrest the young rake had a painful interview with the vicar, in the course of which he cried out bitterly: 'O Father, if only you had put me into trade, instead of sending me to Cambridge, this shame would never have fallen on our house!' He continued: 'There was a little man on my staircase who offered me books to read, wicked books, materialistic books, books that poured scorn on Holy Writ, books that should never have been allowed to exist. And I fell, Father, miserable sinner that I am! I took them, I read them, I absorbed the poison, I lost my faith.' Even as he spoke there came a loud rap at the front door . . . Thereafter, every night when I climbed the stairs to bed, a shadowy figure lurked on the upstairs landing. He had a pedlar's tray full of wicked, wicked books, books that should never have been allowed to exist, books bound in light blue, and he wore Mr. Orrery's gown and mortar-board and pepper-and-salt suit and light blue tie—Oh, it was *frightful* . . ."

Questioned further, sobbing psychopath R.G. recalled how, while up at Oxford in 1923, he had been persuaded to visit Cambridge (which he then knew jocularly as "Tabland") for a few hours; and had been scared by all he saw.

Q. "In what way scared?"

A. "Everything was so much the same and yet so disturbingly different, Herr Professor. The College porters all wore top-hats! And it seemed that all the oldest colleges were built of brick, instead of the newest ones, as at Oxford; and the pleasure punts were propelled backwards, not forwards—that is, they were pointed the wrong way round. It was all so Looking-Glassy. The undergraduates treated me well enough, I grant; but each in turn said with a certain icy reserve: 'We hear you are from the other place.' Since I had hitherto heard the phrase applied only to Hell and the House of Lords, this made me feel acutely embarrassed."

Herr Professor Doctor cut short the inquiry at this point and advised the patient, on behalf of them both, to accept the unexpected and generous invitation from the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, which



"A melancholy thing happened to me on my way to the mortuary this morning."

had prompted this interesting analysis. Furthermore, to take with him his children, Lucia (aged eleven) and Juan (aged nine) as a prophylaxis against any similar phobia that they might have inherited; their mother, too, being devotedly Oxonian. This advice he took.

Yes. I had a wonderful time and came away cured. They had dined and wined me, and listened patiently to my lectures on English Literature, which were, I admit, far from urbane. I became a convert to top-hats as the only decent wear for college porters, and to brick as a highly suitable material for ancient colleges. And though, after dinner at Trinity, the great silver laver was borne in empty, as a mere signal for grace after meat, its counterpart at Pembroke still brimmed with fair water—I was invited to dip a fine linen napkin in it and dab myself behind the ear for coolness. And how charming that on a Friday at Trinity no flesh nor fowl might be served in Hall, but only fish, fish, beautiful fish, even to Protestants! And that a long Latin grace was still declaimed antiphonally in the old pronunciation, with no *weeny, weedy, weaky* nonsense. I even heard gallant talk, at a high level, of putting the College brew-house, now a lumber-room, back into commission.

Lucia and Juan had a wonderful time too—in the Egyptian Room at the Fitzwilliam, and on the swings in the municipal playground—and admitted that they had never in their lives been in a grander house than the Master's Lodge at Trinity . . . Yet, as I leaned over the bridge at Clare College, gazing at the pellucid waters of the Backs, and the glowing autumnal flower beds, and the green lawns, and the dignified college architecture, I heard a pleasure punt approaching. The children, in dark-blue jerseys, were punting it right end foremost (or wrong end foremost) and I heard Juan's embarrassingly loud question: "When are we going to get somewhere *really* pretty?" The good people of Clare were not to know that Juan is accustomed, when he goes boating at home, to cliffs five hundred feet high, rich in sea-eagles' nests, and to rocks green with samphire and wild caper, and violet-tinted backwaters full of striped fish, and pinewood headlands crowned by mediaeval watch-towers of golden limestone.



Mr. Krushchev as seen by Selwyn Lloyd



Sir Walter Monckton copes with the situation



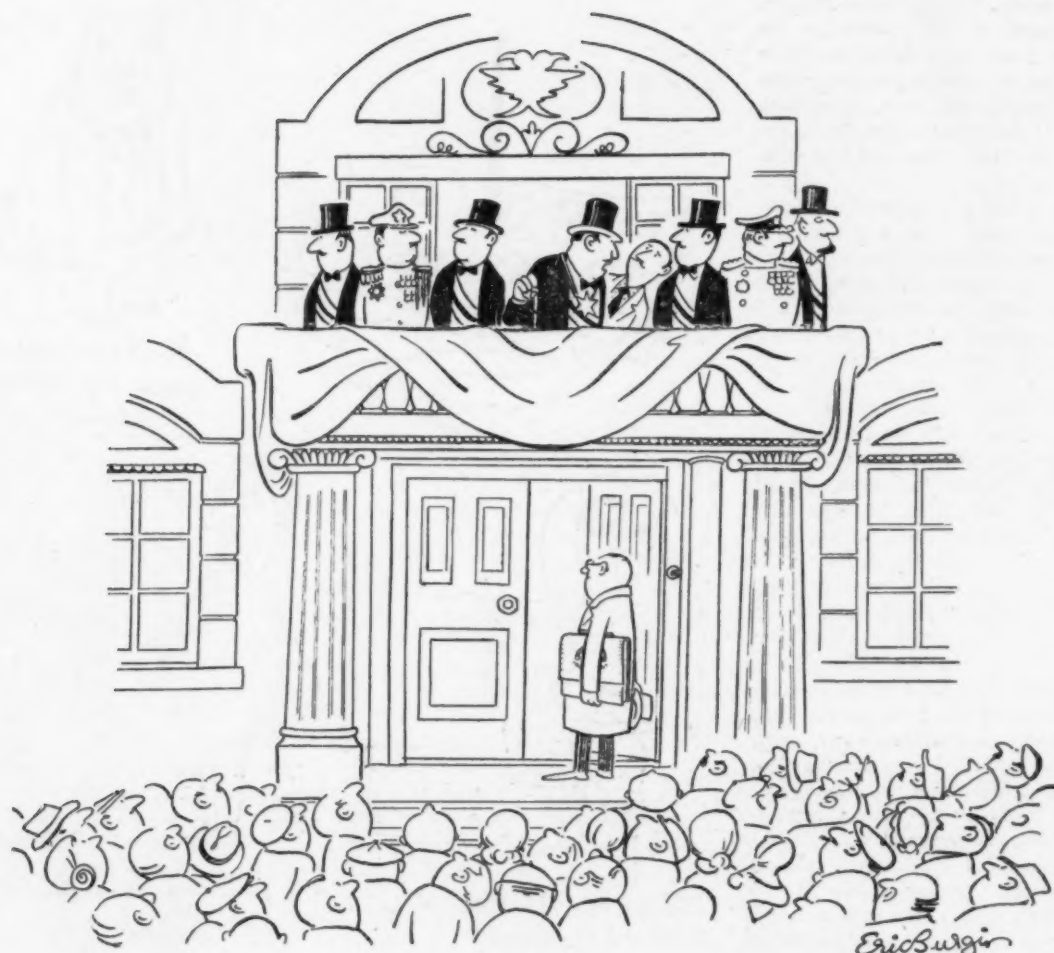
Sir Anthony as seen by Mr. Robens



Alfred Robens alarms the House



Selwyn Lloyd as seen by Jennie Lee



"Tell him I'm out."

Everlastings

Dracula : Bram Stoker

Jonathan Harker's Journal (kept in shorthand)

THIS is my first visit abroad, so naturally I find things a little strange—wolves howling, peasants shrieking and crossing themselves, blue lights in the night flickering—as our diligence winds its way up into the mountains.

The Castle door opens, as though it had not opened for a long time, and a tall, ghastly old man in black, with a silver lamp, bids me welcome.

"Come freely, and go safely!"

"Er—how do you do? Count Dracula?"

"I am Dracula."

A smile discloses extraordinarily long sharp teeth between ruddy lips, but he does not join me over the excellent meal of roast chicken, salad, cheese, and Tokay.

Nor, though a cigar is pressed on me, does he smoke. The wolves howl. "Ah," he murmurs, "what music! Mozart never made better!" He strokes one pointed ear. Business is put off. We sit in the firelight chatting until, with the first dim streak of the dawn, he lights me up great winding stairs and along passage-ways, and stands clasping my hand—"Sleep well! Dream well!"—his glove surprises me, but I find this

to be hair growing over the palm—"Er—thank you."

May 7. Woke late. The Count was away, but at night we transacted business, the purchase of an estate at Purfleet, a queer old gloomy house with a keep and a deep, dark-looking pond—

"I seek not, my young friend, the voluptuousness of much sunshine or sparkling waters."

He intends, apparently, buying a number of such properties in England, and I catch sight of a map with the localities ringed—

Then the cock crows, my host jumps up and leaves me.

How much there will be to tell Mina!

May 8. DEAR MINA,—All the plate here is of gold, but there are no mirrors—except my shaving mirror. When I was shaving this morning, I heard behind me the Count's salutation—but in the mirror there was no sign of him! This seemed peculiar, so I turned, cutting myself slightly; his eyes blazed and he made a grab at my throat, but happened to touch some beads of a crucifix I had been given on the way here, and was so instantly quiet that I suppose I must have imagined the whole thing. But he did exclaim "Wretched bauble!" and fling my shaving-mirror through the window. It shattered into a thousand fragments below. Annoying, because now I don't see how I am going to shave . . .

Went round trying the doors and windows: all locked! Am I a prisoner?

That night the Count courteously handed me back my letter, which I had

thrown to some Szganyes in the courtyard, and said "Write instead, my young friend, that you intend prolonging your stay—hm—"

"Till when, good heavens?"

"Let us say one month from to-day."

"So long!"

"I take no refusal."

Of course, I must not forget (nor would Mina wish me to) that he is—however peculiar—my first client as a full-blown solicitor!

It was by this time close on morning, and so to bed.

In the small hours, putting my head out of the window, I saw the Count's head emerge from his. Then the Count himself. There could be no doubt about this, since it was bright moonlight. He crawled down the wall, with his cloak spread like great wings, *face down* over that abyss, to disappear into some window or hole far below.

I don't like it.

Later. On my wanderings, came

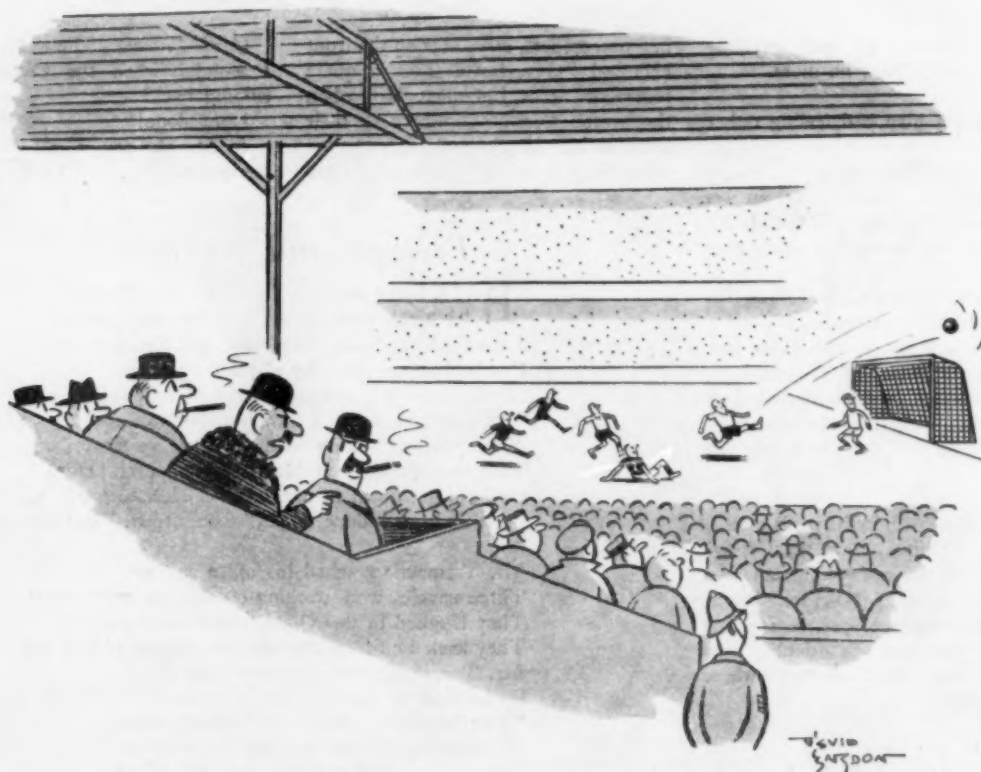
across the Count, on a sofa, reading *Bradshaw*. Does he intend a journey?

Another eccentricity of the place is that there are no domestics. So at least I had thought. But to-night, after dozing off in some room far from mine, I was wakened by whispers, laughter. Three young women stood close. All had the most brilliant white teeth that shone against the ruby of voluptuous lips. I felt a wicked, burning desire to be kissed by them. (Oh, Mina, Mina, how can I avow this?) "Go on," said one, "you're the first." "Plenty for all." "He's young and strong."

Through half-closed lids I saw the tallest—the fair one—bend over me, gloating; her lips touched my neck, there was the sharp twin prick of teeth, I closed my eyes in a languorous ecstasy—

But at this instant the Count rushed in screaming "How dare you touch him! He's mine!"

There was some grumbling and a



"We've decided not to buy your centre-forward but to install floodlighting instead."



"Hasn't that damn boy finished his practising yet?"

muttered "Don't we get *anything* to-night?" and I knew no more.

Woke in my own bed feeling rather fagged.

Surely I am in the toils.

Surprised the Count, later, in his coffin. So that's where he spends his days! There's something disgusting about it.

Though he seemed to show no sign of life, he looked surprisingly well—*younger*, what's more, with white hair turning to brown and the baldness closing in, as through he had drunk deep of some tonic—what?—I daren't guess, and only hope that to-night it may not be I who—

Commotion down in the yard: shouts, crackings of whips. Two great *leiter-wagons*—each drawn by eight horses—into which they are packing long boxes. The Count's luggage—yes, he is going away—to Purfleet, no doubt, and England, that dear country whose peaceful charm . . .

II

But in England, at Whitby before the herring season, ladies went sleep-walking on the cliffs, a Mr. Penfield ate

flies and spiders, an old tar on the front bellowed "Gog, but it'll be a quare scowderment at Judgment Day when they come tumblin' up here in their death-sarks, all joup'd together"—what could it mean?—while out at sea

there was a strange sailing ship, such a storm as had never been known—

A dark stranger with glowing red eyes was seen in the Pavilion—

But wings beat on windows—

A wolf escaped from the Zoo—

Mr. Penfield gave up spiders and took to birds—

There were outbreaks of pernicious anaemia—

Children vanished in Hampstead—

"A matter"—decided that great psychologist, Van Helsing—"of life and death, perhaps more"—

Everyone was going about with garlic wreaths, stakes, wafers, and the very *Times* was alarmed—

Tombs were opened, corpses walked—

In the B. M. Reading Room, Van Helsing feverishly rifled old unremembered texts, filled in forms for more—

All because Somebody had come to town, having taken a long lease on the oldest, darkest, dustiest house in Piccadilly.

III

Jonathan Harker's Journal (kept in shorthand)

Castle Dracula. The weeks pass, and I wonder when the Count will be coming back?

I am alone!

Alone—oh my God!—with those terrible girls . . . G. W. STONIER

Precept and Example

"BACK home in Texas," said Mr. Van Dean, "I lunch with the staff in the office canteen. A tuna fish sandwich, some milk, and I'm through; I'm back at my desk by a quarter to two." "In England it's different," said Mr. Tremayne. "At executive level, I always maintain, More business is done in the hour or so more That one spends over luncheon than ever before. One can get down to facts over coffee and *fine*." "But we haven't done, so far," thought Mr. Van Dean.

Mr. Tremayne reached his office at four. Three navvies were working outside the front door; They laughed in their loud, uninhibited glee, They leaned on their shovels, they sipped at their tea. Mr. Tremayne was consumed with distress, So he took up his pen and he wrote to the Press: "The labouring classes of England to-day Are concerned about nothing but drawing their pay. Devotion to duty and less thought of gain Is our only salvation," wrote Mr. Tremayne.

W. S. SLATER

Criticism

AT THE PICTURES



Survey. (Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews.)

Today (Wednesday) may be the last day in London of *Richard III* (28/12/55), and other London shows reviewed in these pages are even less predictable. But a number of interesting releases have piled up since I last wrote. *The Man With the Golden Arm* (25/1/56), brilliantly made and intensely

gripping; *Picnic* (29/2/56); *Rebel without a Cause* (1/2/56), with the ill-fated JAMES DEAN; *Lost* (8/2/56), pleasing small-scale suspense piece; *Ransom!*, quite absorbing and well done; and *Private's Progress*, comedy from ALAN HACKNEY's novel. All these are well worth seeing.

RICHARD MALLET

BOOKING OFFICE

Mr. Price: Lieut. of Marines

THE majority of University dons are not, as they would like the outside world to suppose, engaged on historical research, political commentary or the construction of detective stories. The dons so occupied may be regarded as the playboys (or girls) of the Western University World; the hard core, the *gens sérieux*, never raise their heads from the annotation, dissection and correlation of the works of Jane Austen. Such being the case it is curious that they appear to have overlooked entirely one of Miss Austen's most subtly drawn creations—Mr. Price, retired Lieutenant of Marines and father of Fanny, the Cinderella of Mansfield Park. Don will set ever more recondite examination paper for don on the sex of Lady Bertram's pug, or the journey of Miss Crawford's harp, but the character and habits of the master of that sordid home in Portsmouth are resolutely ignored.

It may be as well to remind those readers who have never had to compete with dons on equal terms that Mr. Price made his appearance in the first pages of *Mansfield Park*, when Fanny's mother married him to disoblige her family. He, poor fellow, had no education, fortune or connections and, gravest handicap of all, his profession was such as no interest could reach; which may possibly be a clue to his neglect by academic commentators. For eleven years the Prices struggled on; but when expecting the birth of her ninth child, Mrs. Price in despair re-opened relations with her sister, the indolent Lady Bertram of Mansfield Park. Mr. Price, it is then revealed, had been disabled for active service, but was not the less equal to company and good liquor. From these hints it is clear that Mr. Price was able to take refuge, in drinking with friends, from what must have been a permanent succession of new-born babies in the home. In fact he was not a worrying type. The eldest daughter Fanny was adopted by the rich Bertrams, and grew up at Mansfield Park, where her cousin Edmund won her heart by his kindness and attention to her education. Edmund however, loved Miss Crawford while her flirtatious brother, Henry, fell in love with Fanny. A crisis in these love affairs sent Fanny on a visit to her parents where, after twenty years in the back streets of Portsmouth, Mr. Price reappeared, and a horrid shock he was

to his priggish little daughter. She was sitting in the parlour aghast at the dirt and discomfort when Mr. Price walked into the house, his loud voice preceding him as, with something like an oath, he kicked away his son's portmanteau and his daughter's band box and called out for a candle; no candle was brought however, and he walked into the room.

For a man who had been tripped up in the dark in his own house, and had had his reasonable requests for light disregarded, Mr. Price then behaved remarkably well. He gave his son



William, who had brought Fanny home, a warm greeting and described his son's ship, the Thrush, going out of harbour with almost poetical fervour. When Fanny was brought to his notice he gave her a cordial hug, and supposed she would be wanting a husband soon. Fanny was sadly pained by his language and his smell of spirits, and while her father read his borrowed newspaper by the light of the solitary candle she sat in bewildered, broken, solitary, contemplation. Her father only roused himself to shout "Devil take those young dogs" at his rampaging younger sons and from their complete disregard of his threats it became clear that Mr. Price was no domestic tyrant. Later in the evening he walked off with an admirable punctiliousness to return his neighbour's newspaper and only reappeared to call for his rum and water.

After a week at Portsmouth, Fanny, who had had no great hopes of her father in the first place, found that, though he did not want abilities, he had no curiosity and no information beyond his profession; he swore and he drank, he was dirty and gross and (this is the give-away) he scarcely ever noticed her, but to make her the subject of a coarse joke. Of course it is obvious that Fanny was repelled by her father because he did not take her seriously. At Mansfield Park, although she was bullied and made to do odd jobs, no one had ever laughed at her except Tom Bertram, who was punished in due course for his levity by a sharp attack of congestion of the lungs. Indeed Fanny's refusal of Mr. Crawford's eligible proposals rocked the house from end to end.

But worse was to follow; Henry Crawford suddenly arrived in Portsmouth and called at the Price's squalid home. Fanny in a state of pain and confusion, both social and emotional, found herself setting out to do the Saturday shopping in his company. It was soon pain upon pain, confusion upon confusion, for they immediately met Mr. Price whose appearance was none the better for it being Saturday; Mr. Price obviously only shaved on Sundays. They proceeded to the dockyard, where Mr. Price, like an intelligent father, left the well-bred Mr. Crawford to make himself agreeable to Fanny. She, however was in her usual social agony with an additional thrill of horror that lasted till Mr. Crawford had refused an invitation to take his mutton with the Prices.

The final glimpse of Mr. Price is positively endearing. Fanny was looking at the parlour walls marked by his head, for although not much given to shaving it would appear that he used a good deal of hair oil, when she was roused by her father calling her attention to the gossip column of his daily newspaper. This incident, by the way, contradicts the earlier statements that he was only interested in his profession. Clearly he was passionately interested in the goings-on of the *beau monde* and his wife's rich relations, or he could never have identified the persons mentioned by initials in the scandalous paragraph. Fanny's reaction to the news, that her newly-married cousin Mrs. Rushworth née Bertram had eloped with Mr. Crawford, was one of shocked horror. Mr. Price, it must be admitted, displayed a regrettable *schadenfreude* at this humbling of the Mansfield Park family, remarking cheerfully, "A little flogging for man and woman too, would

be the best way of preventing these things." This matrimonial débâcle was a great relief to all parties at Portsmouth, for Fanny returned to Mansfield Park, leaving Mr. Price to continue his carefree life with no disapproving daughter in the parlour. He appears no more, but the general well-doing and success of his children is attributed to the advantages of early hardship and discipline and the consciousness of being born to suffer and endure. And how did they first learn these useful lessons? They were brought up by Mr. Price, that Rabelaisian figure, so unlike the delicate studies for which his creator is renowned. Perhaps after all he is neglected by dons on moral grounds. They may not welcome Miss Austen's inference that success in life could be due to having a father who sat reading gossip columns while he sipped his rum and water.

V. G. P.

My Friend Henry Miller. Alfred Perlès.
Spearman, 16/-

Mr. Henry Miller, as a writer, is not everyone's cup of tea, and his adherents have done him little service by praising him in terms that might seem fulsome if applied to Shakespeare. On the other hand he is by no means negligible. He was an influence on the style of George Orwell. He knows the dregs of intellectual life in the expatriate American Paris of the 1930s, and how to express that existence on paper. Mr. Alfred Perlès, a friend of Mr. Miller's of twenty-five years' standing, writes of him with energy and humour in that curious mixture of clichés and unexpected phrase so characteristic of the group to which both belong. Here is the genuine whiff of American Montparnasse, not its expansive period during the boom, but at times when life was lived pretty near the knuckle. The staggering egotism of the whole crowd of them is not without its attraction and a vein of genuine simplicity runs through their naïve self-worship. There is nostalgia, too, of its own sort: "But I was sorry to miss a good lunch. Cyril was no pauper like most of my other friends; he was a fastidious gourmet who could well afford the de luxe eating places of Paris . . . I still remember Connolly once taking Henry and myself to the Restaurant Pierre . . ."

A. P.

The Undoubted Deed. Jocelyn Davey.
Chatto and Windus, 13/6

An Oxford refugee Professor of Philosophy solves a murder in the British Embassy at Washington. The comic Ambassador, the endearing oddities of the don-detective and the little jokes about the American press and police confronted by British stuffed-shirts give a depressing surface to a story that is ingenious in a rather old-fashioned, well-carpeted way.

Also, Mr. Davey has tried to do something very difficult, to make philosophy permeate a whodunit. The effect is less convincing than the rather similar attempts with psychology in Daly King's "Obelisk" books; a brisk bit of narrative runs full tilt into a page of technical philosophizing. Big subjects like the ambiguities of loyalty get entangled with small subjects like ballistics. The novel is a muddle; but it does try to do efficiently what has been done before and then to build something new on this firm base. It is a more promising start than the satiny first novel which avoids mistakes, roughness and the awkward age.

R. G. C. P.

The Lilac Caprice. Alberta Murphy.
Cape, 13/6

Miss Alberta Murphy, who in America has been compared to Eudora Welty and Carson McCullers, also belongs to a category of feminine writers

who combine the sharp sensibility of their sex with a masculine vitality and ribald humour. Her comic gift is of the same order as those of Flannery O'Connor and the late Anna Sebastian, whose three novels, published in the 'forties by the same firm which has printed the work under review, projected so unusual and devastating a view of life.

Miss Murphy's delightful heroine, Erica, who plays the 'cello in a ladies' orchestra at a large luxury hotel in Florida, happily shares her creator's sardonic appreciation of the human situation; but, unhappily, comes to a tragic end at the hands of her weak-willed fiancé's grim and crazy Mama. Despite this conclusion, the book is the reverse of gloomy, and its description of the hotel's residents and *ambiance* alone—to say nothing of many other incidental felicities—make it as delectable and original as its title.

J. M. R.

AT THE PLAY



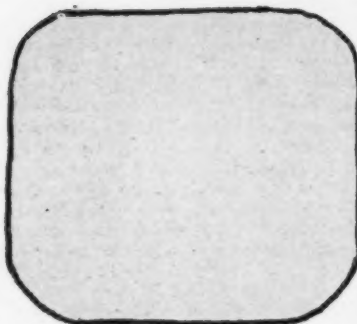
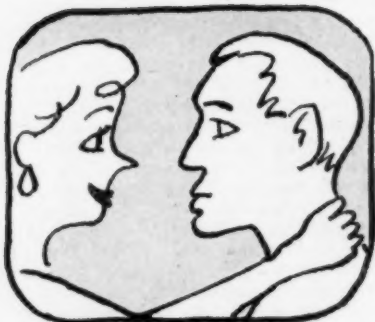
JOHN CLEMENTS as Sir Anthony Absolute and ATHENE SEYLER as Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals" (Saville)

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS
NOTHING is too good for the Arts Theatre, but Peter Hall's production of *The Waltz of the Toreadors* is far too good to be confined to a short run before a club membership; a West End management will surely seize on such a plum. The play is Anouilh at his wittiest and most perceptive, and

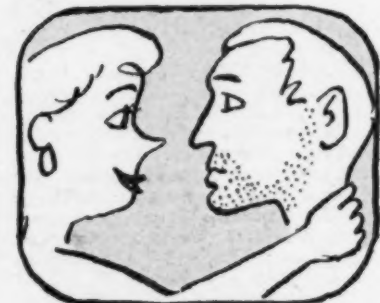
in the part of the humorous and unhappy general—a wonderful character who has come on from *Ardèle*—Hugh Griffith gives a masterly performance. He is very well supported by Beatrix Lehmann, as the general's neurotic wife; by Brenda Bruce, as his nostalgic love; and by Walter Hudd as his bland far-seeing doctor.

ERIC KEOWN

ON THE AIR



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Bernard Hollowood



DOUGLAS

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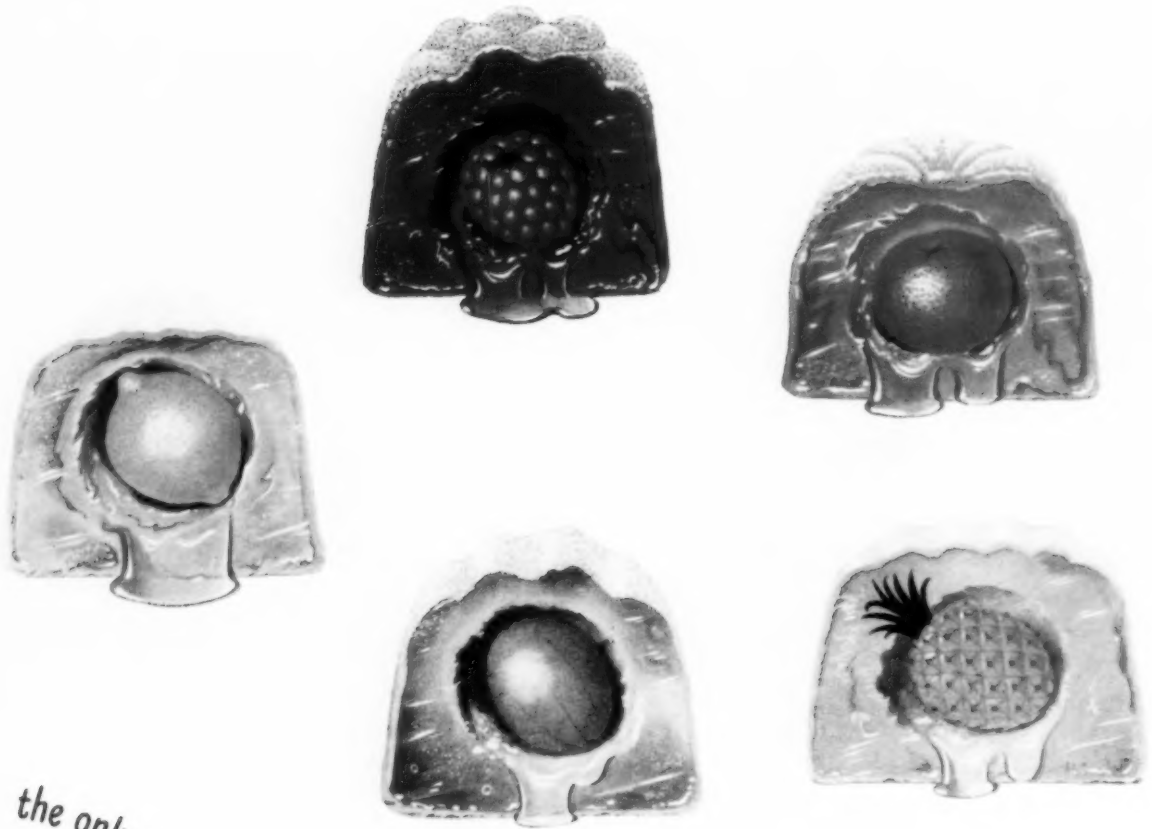
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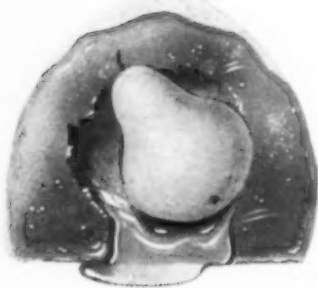


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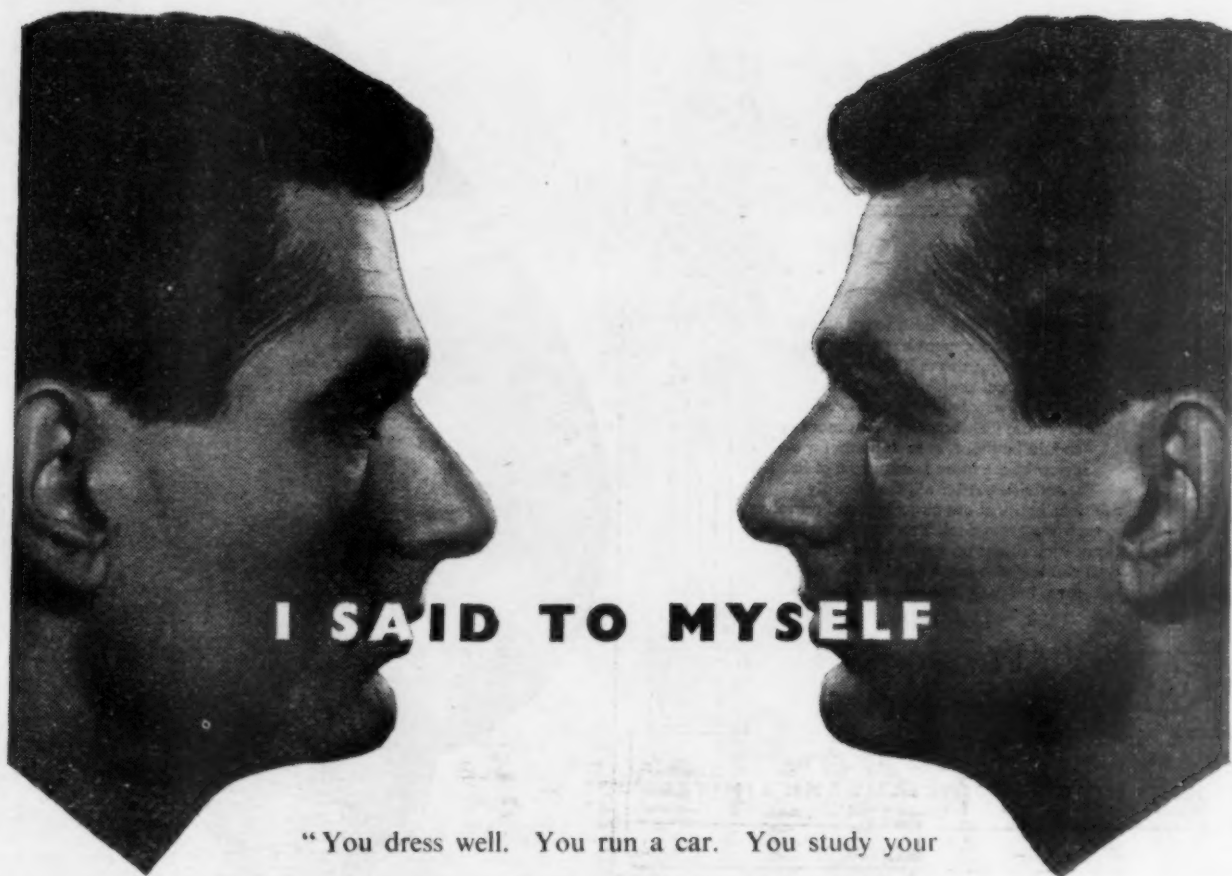
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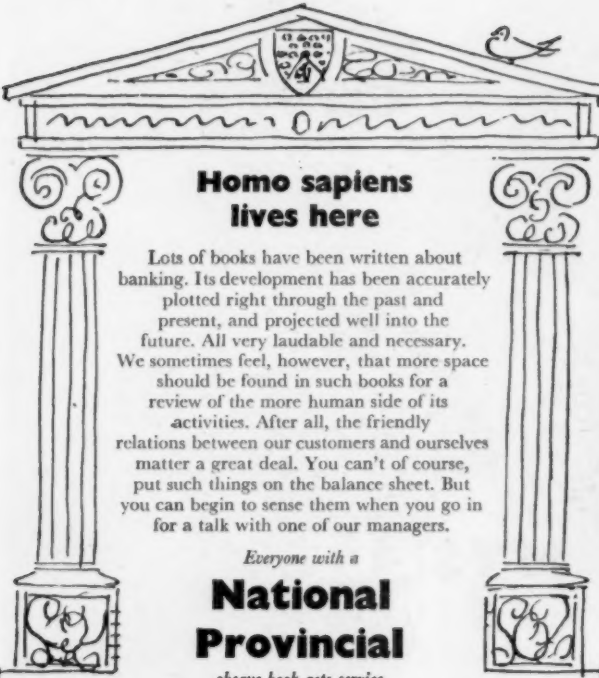


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